

Beyond The Mirror

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Summary: Dan finds his new mirror has a strange handprint. When touching the handprint, his reflection suddenly has a consciousness of its own. The reflection suddenly pulls him into an alternate universe where he and Phil never dated. Confused and scared of this new world, Dan has to battle the biggest enemy he's ever had- himself.

1. Chapter 1

It was Phil's fault, Dan thought. His boyfriend, being an extremely clumsy person, tripped over his own feet and landed on the floor with his elbow through Dan's bedroom mirror.

Dan was worried about his injured boyfriend, of course, but he really liked that mirror. So, when the pair walked around Tesco, Dan refused to purchase the mirrors Phil suggested just to spite the older man.

"Really, Dan, this one is exactly like your old one. This one just has a regular framed edge instead." But Dan wasn't cooperating.

"The color is all wrong," he waved his hand in dismissal. Phil rolled his eyes and walked over to a check-out counter to ask an employee for assistance.

Phil made a few hand gestures and mumbled something, but Dan couldn't hear much from across the aisle. What Dan did hear, though, was something along the lines of annoying and captious. The assistant smiled and pointed to a particular mirror.

Phil disappeared and quickly reappeared, now holding a large mirror. Phil tripped slightly as he walked, and Dan couldn't help but chuckle quietly.

"There." There seemed to be a smug grin on Phil's face as he gently set the mirror down in front of Dan. "This is an exact replica of

your previous one."

Dan scrunched his nose. "I don't like it."

Phil seemed to deflate a little. "It's literally exactly the same thing as your other one. No one can tell the difference."

"I can. One's shattered and the other is not."

"Just get the damn mirror," Phil growled.

"Alright, alright. Calm down. I was just joking."

Phil scowled. "Yeah, well, no sex for you tonight, then."

"Oi, that's harsh."

"I might change my mind if you, well, I don't know, carry this for me?" The darker-haired man batted his eyelashes cutely

"Oh, whatever. It's not even that heavy."

Dan was wrong. It was extremely heavy. Especially when you had to carry it up a flight of stairs. Hell, Dan could barely make it up the stairs normally. Adding extra weight didn't help.

By the time they both entered Dan's room, Dan was a sweating, panting mess. To Dan's dismay, Phil appeared to be enjoying Dan's torture.

Dan demanded that Phil should make the dinner tonight as Dan was currently wheezing on his bed from exercise.

After only recovering slightly, Dan turned towards the mirror. He placed it exactly where the old one used to be, and if it wasn't for the scar on Phil's elbow, there was hardly any proof that the shattered mirror even happened.

That's when he noticed a handprint on the lower left corner of the glass. He could have sworn he only touched the frame.

He got up and picked up some glass-cleaner, and sprayed it on the print. He swiped it off with a rag, but after the blue liquid was wiped off, the messy handprint still remained. Dan squinted, inspecting in closer. Dan was sure he didn't see the stain at Tesco.

He noticed his reflection was off. He glanced at his face, but it somehow seemed malicious. He smiled, thinking his scowl from trying to spite Phil earlier had somehow locked into place, but to his horror, his reflection remained malicious when he smiled.

He shook his head. He didn't know it was possible to hallucinate from exercise, but then again, he never did so he wouldn't know.

Dan lined his fingers with the handprint's on the mirror. His hand matched the size of the mirror's print. This was his handprint. He glanced up at his reflection.

"Hello, Daniel," the reflection greeted, inspecting his nails.

Dan dropped the cleaner on the floor, the contents in the bottle spilling out. He retracted his hand from the handprint but the evil reflection didn't seem to leave.

The reflection didn't say anything, but rolled his eyes and made a silent huff that Dan suspected was a scoff.

"Dan, are you okay?" Phil's distant voice could be heard.

"Yeah, fine. Just dropped the glass-cleaner," he called back, eyes still locked with the reflection's.

"And you made fun of me for being clumsy," Phil said. Phil didn't seem to be walking near Dan's room, to Dan's relief. He did not want Phil thinking he's a nutter for hallucinating.

Was it really just a hallucination, though? The reflection still seemed vicious.

"Hello?" Dan whispered to the reflection, hoping Phil couldn't hear. The reflection rolled his eyes and pointed to the handprint. Dan stared. The reflection pointed again, this time with more enthusiasm.

Dan understood what the reflection was trying to communicate, and he lined his hand with the handprint once more.

"You'd think that after over twenty years of seeing yourself in a mirror, you'd be used to your own features. Wouldn't blame you, though, you _do _look hideous," the reflection drawled.

Dan jumped back as if burned. The reflection raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms. Dan pressed his hand against the print.

"I understand you're not too bright, but come on. It's painfully obvious we can't communicate without lining your hand against the handprint."

Dan's eyes bulged. "Who are you?"

"I'm adding more emphasis on _not too bright_. I'm you, you dimwit. But stronger."

"I gather that much."

"Did you really?" The reflection actually seemed genuinely surprised. "Give me a prize."

"What do you want?" Dan snapped. The reflection shook his head.

"Temper, temper. Always straight-forward, aren't we?"

Dan growled lowly until the reflection held his hands up defensively.

"Alright, alright. What I want, Dan, is your life."

Dan stepped back and loosened his touch on the mirror, but didn't

completely let go.

"Don't try to defend yourself, Dan. I know too much about your world and you know nothing about mine. It'll be entertaining to watch you. And trust me, I will be watching."

Dan had so many questions, but he couldn't even open his mouth before a sudden force pulled him closer to the mirror. Nearer and Nearer until he was falling through the mirror itself.

Bright light surrounded him, forcing him to close his eyes. It felt like he was staring at the sun, except maybe he was on the sun. Then the light died down and everything was dark. Black.

And suddenly Dan was falling. Maybe it wasn't everything was dark. Maybe he himself was dark.

2. Chapter 2

When Dan fluttered his eyelashes open, he expected to be in bed. He expected Phil to be lying on the left side of the bed with Dan on the right. He expected the room to be dark with only one light beam shining through the window onto the brown wooden tiles. He expected Phil to smile a sleepy smile and tell him about a weird dream he had.

Not always is Dan so lucky. He did not wake up in Phil's arms. His eyes flew open and the only thing that blocked the sun from his eyes was a shadow. It was bright where he laid. He could barely crack an eye open without a ray of light burning him

The shadow remained in its spot, hovering over Dan. Dan refused to move, hoping whatever lingered next to him would take him back to Phil. Where he was meant to be. Now that he realized he definitely wasn't in bed, Dan's eyes widened and he sat straight up.

He was on a cold pavement outside. The strange shadow turned out to be a person. The person was frowning, worry showing in his eyes, and his bottom lip glued to his top lip.

"Are you okay?" The anxious man asked. The stranger stretched his hand out assist Dan up.

Dan grunted as he rose off the stone concrete. "Yeah, fine. I think."

Dan's feet were numb. He nearly collapsed back onto the ground as his knees buckled from the lack of feeling in his feet.

"Are you sure? You look like you're freezing."

When the man mentioned it, as if on cue, Dan shivered. He didn't realize how cold London was in the early hours. It's not like he ever went outside at...whatever time it was.

"Can I buy you a hot drink? Your thin clothing doesn't look much warming."

"No, I'm fine. My flat isn't far," Dan lied. Truthfully, he didn't

know where he was. He and Phil's flat could be across town for all he knew. What in Hell even happened last night?

"Now, that's not true. I can see yourself lying. Maddy and Catty's is just over there," the man pointed to a small pastry shop down the road.

"I have my own money, I really don't need you paying for me."

The stranger grinned. "So that's a yes, then. Can you walk? You seem a bit frazzled."

Dan didn't socialize with many people in London, but the dirty and un-amused looks strangers gave him when they were impatient showed they usually weren't kind. Most people would scoff at someone lying on the ground, probably assuming it was a drunk, and scurry away.

The people in his location, however, seemed to be the opposite. People around Dan and the stranger gave him pitying looks and expressions of sympathy. He must have somehow traveled farther than he thought.

Confused by the compassionate crowd, he agreed to going to the shop.

Dan had a limp in his walk, the reason unknown to Dan. He was still confused as to why he suddenly woke on a busy street. He didn't think he would want to know what happened the previous night to cause this. The strange man gave a caring look and made a gesture for Dan to put his weight on him.

As they opened the shop door, a bell placed above their heads chimed. It gave Dan a warm feeling. He always liked the atmosphere of warm shops with a friendly vibe.

A young woman behind the counter grinned at the two men and greeted them with a _hello_.

With the scent of freshly baked bread permeating the room, Dan couldn't help but greet her back.

The stranger seemed pleased with Dan's kind actions toward the woman. "You seem really nice. So what's the deal with you sleeping on the pavement?"

Dan shrugged, not knowing how to answer. "Must have had too many drinks," he mumbled. Dan turned to the lady behind the counter and said, "Large hot chocolate, three baklava squares, a slice of cherry pie, and a chocolate muffin, please." The woman winked and walked over to the food storage. The stranger chuckled.

"Hungry?"

Dan flushed. He didn't understand why Brits have to be so posh and order small portions of food. Dan is always selfish when it comes to meals.

The stranger ordered a coffee and biscuit, making Dan feel foolish for purchasing so much to eat.

The stranger seemed to hear Dan's thoughts, because he said, "I didn't mean it like that. I was just surprised how much normal people eat this early."

At Dan's curious look, the stranger continued. "I can't eat much in the morning. Seems too rushed and my stomach feels the need to rid of my breakfast."

"What time is it, anyway?" Dan asked.

The man glanced at his phone. "Seven."

No wonder Dan was freezing. Temperatures can be dangerously low in the mornings.

Dan found a square table with two chairs across from each other by the window. Dan sat down promptly, memorized by the floral design carved onto the table. The stranger seemed reluctant, but forced a smile and sat down.

A thin sheet of glass surfaced the table, the design engraved resting below it. Fog covered the window, permitting Dan to draw squiggles.

They ate in silence, Dan focusing on his memories of last night. He remembered something with Phil, but that doesn't explain why he woke in the streets. He couldn't have had alcohol, because he would have a hangover. All he remembers is Phil breaking his mirror, buying a new one...

Fuck.

Images suddenly flooded his mind. Images of his reflection with such malevolence, speaking darkly at Dan.

"Hey, are you sure you okay? You look queasy," the stranger's concerned expression from earlier returned. The stranger's eyebrows knit together and he squinted trying to examine Dan.

But Dan couldn't hear him. His reflection mentioned a world. Something about Dan not knowing about the reflection's world. What the fuck did that even mean? Reflections can't have worlds. They don't even have a conscious.

The stranger appeared even more worried now. He placed his hand on Dan's cheek, a light touch spreading warmth through his face.

Dan did the only sensible thing to do at a time of such confusion- he bolted. He jumped up and whispered a sorry to the man, but Dan doubted he could be heard. Dan didn't run far, though, because before he could exit the building, he collided with a rather familiar chest.

Dan gasped when he recognized the figure.

"P-Phil?"

End

file.